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1941

To the Masters and Instructors who,
in the short space of seven months,
have taught them by precept and example
that culture is not a factor of life but a manner of living;
that education is not a storing of knowledge but an unfolding
of character;
that the children of today are the citizens of tomorrow
and that happiness is achieved in contributing to the lives
of others—

The Students of the London Normal School
Respectfully Dedicate
The Spectrum, 1941.



To the Class of 1940-41

YOUR year at Normal School has been a memorable one, a year in which our Empire has been engaged almost single-handed in the most titanic and destructive war of all time. It has been an anxious and a trying year for all, realizing as we do, that the sinister forces of the enemy are threatening all those things in life which we prize most highly. You will long remember the feeling of relief you experienced on many critical mornings when the watchman from the tower announced by radio or in headlines, "All's well." You will never forget the thrills of pride that came to all Britons, from time to time, at news of glorious exploits on the sea or in the air. Along with your compatriots overseas you carried on with "thumbs up," and with a staunch faith in the future. Aims and purposes, principles and skills had to be mastered. This was your job.

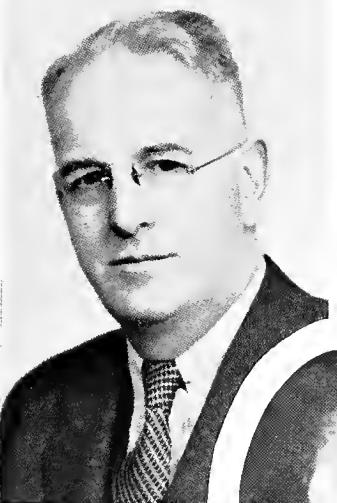
A year such as this cannot but have brought us a valuable discipline. It should produce a new scale of values, helping us to place first things first. We should have a better appreciation of priceless rights and privileges which we had formerly taken for granted. Freedom is a birthright of the Briton but it needs to be jealously guarded and defended. We have had a good lesson in facing disappointment and disaster with courage and resolution. We should also have learned that one cannot live the good life in a social vacuum; progress, as well as safety, depends upon co-operation. These life lessons must prove invaluable equipment for you as teachers.

The Normal School Staff are concerned not so much that you have learned certain facts or that you have acquired certain devices or tricks of the profession, but rather that you have clearly grasped the importance of training good citizens in the miniature society of your school. We do covet for you the mastery of those general principles that will make your work purposeful and intelligent. We could wish for you that you may not lose those fine enthusiasms which so many of you revealed in your student days; that you may find no occasion for lowering standards or abandoning ideals; that you may be happy in your work and may take legitimate pride in your profession as the finest of the arts, as the highest of the sciences, and as making the most practical contribution to nation building.

We are glad to number you among our alumni and shall be most interested to hear of your whereabouts and of your continued successes.

C. E. MARK.

Faculty



G. W. HOFFERD,
M.A., D.Paed.

Methodology of Science,
Agriculture and Horticulture,
Nature Study.



T. E. CLARKE,
B.A., B.Paed.

Science of Education,
Methodology of Grammar
and Composition.

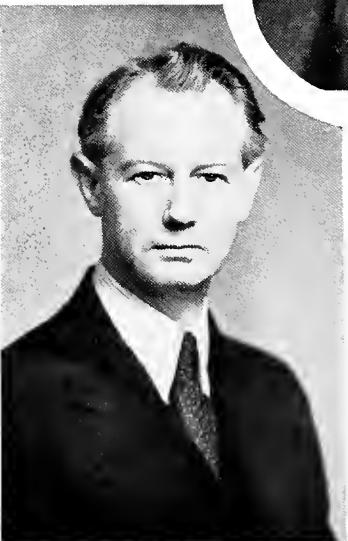


E. H. MCKONE,
M.A., B.Paed.

School Management,
Methodology of Arithmetic,
Primary Reading,
Algebra, Geometry and
Writing.

J. G. McEACHERN,
B.A., B.Paed.

Methodology of Literature,
Reading and Social Studies.



C. E. MARK,
B.A., D.Paed.
Principal.
School Management,
Methodology of Social Studies and
Spelling.

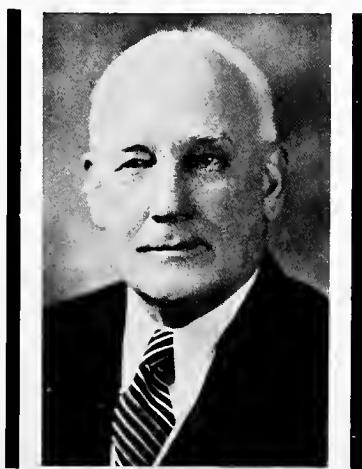




ANDREW F.
HAGERMAN,
Instructor in Manual
Training.



GORDON YOUNG,
Inspector on exchange with
Dr. Hofford,
Spring Term.



C. E. WHEELER, F.C.C.O.,
Instructor in Music,
First Term.



ISABEL E. DAVIDSON,
Dean of Women and Instructor
in Home Economics and
Hygiene.



LOUISE GAHAN,
Librarian and Instructor in
Library Methods.



JEAN M. MOORE,
Instructor in Music,
Second Term.



DOROTHY EMERY,
A.O.C.A.,
Instructor in Art.



WINIFRED R.
PRENDERGAST,
Instructor in Phys. Education,
Secretary and Registrar.



Graduates

The Class of '41

ALTHOUGH the Normal School attendance during the past year has been rather small, we feel that the class of '41 has been distinguished by quality if not by quantity. Its members have revealed at one time or another all the social and academic qualifications of the successful teacher.

Many times during a visit to a practice-school we have heard praise of other students' work. Often the centre of interest in the classroom, a mural, a display of art or construction-work, was found, upon enquiry, to have been done upon the Wednesday or Thursday afternoon of a preceding week. Not only did the "students" (as we were fondly known to practice-teachers and their pupils) produce fine work, worthy of excellent marks; they succeeded in leaving with the practice-teacher an impression of enthusiasm and capability, with the children an atmosphere of friendliness and co-operation. Many a "student," walking down the street after school-hours has been pleasantly surprised to meet with a cheery greeting from children whom he had taught in a practice-school some time before.

Practice-teaching, however, important though it was, represented only one phase of student-life. The Normalites were equally successful in their social relations within and without the school. The ever-present spirit of friendliness was most noticeable "between periods," as the classes met in the corridors for a few moments relaxation before a new lecture. After school-hours, or during "spare" periods the students might be found in the library. Here industry and co-operation abounded, as the teachers-in-training enthusiastically prepared their own lessons or solved the difficulties of some fellow-student.

Reprimands and infractions of rules were few and far between. The atmosphere was one of friendliness rather than of discipline. The response to such after-hours activities as Miss Prendergast's "social evening" and the school parties was whole-hearted and enthusiastic.

Despite their industry the "41's" are not to be imagined as a group of sober-faced, pedantic young school-teachers. They often laughed; indeed, they were not above playing a joke upon the masters who, in turn, seldom failed to flavour their lectures with a touch of humour.

Nor was the students' sense of humour forthcoming only when the joke was upon someone else. It always turned up in time to save the most serious of situations; disputes between the students were very few; little sympathy was shown the person who carried a grudge.

Talent revealed itself constantly throughout the year, in music, vocal and instrumental, in oratory, in art. Originality was the key-note of work produced in the Normal School. Not least important was a talent for leadership of community activities displayed by those who organized such school activities as the operetta, the banquet, and the social evenings.

Punctuality, honesty, tolerance, cheerfulness, the enquiring mind; all these qualities were displayed by this year's Normalites.

Twould, of course, be gross exaggeration to claim that each student possessed all these fine qualities, but each and every one of these attributes was well represented in the student body as a whole.

May the class of '41 find their years of teaching as enjoyable, as profitable, as successful as they have found this year in the London Normal School!



JACK
ASHWORTH
Ilderton



WILLIAM
MANNING
London



GERALD
FULLER
Forest



WINFRED
BENEDICT
Port Lambton



FRANK
MOFFATT
Watford



JACK
GILLESPIE
Innerkip



THOMAS
BORROWMAN
Wyoming



JOHN
NEUFELD
Wheatley



BOYD
LITTLE
Thamesford



EARL
BURR
Forest



GEORGE
O'NEIL
Watford



JACK
LOGIE
Paisley



THOMAS
COLEMAN
Bothwell



JOSEPH
PATTON
Oil City



DONALD
MACRAE
Parkhill



ALEXANDER
DUBS
Thamesville



JIM
ROBERTSON
Watford



EDWIN
MANNING
Ridgetown



JOHN
ROSS
Watford



MARION
BICE
Clandeboye



ELGIN
SKINNER
Exeter



IVAN
TAYLOR
Belmont



GEORGIE
GARTON
Aylmer



CATHERINE
BICKERTON
Windsor



ELEANOR
COCHRANE
Duart



MARIE F.
COWAN
Inverkip



JACK
WITHERSPOON
Parkhill



MRS. FRANCES
CARRON
Paincourt



MARGARET
CRAN
Watford



HELEN
ABRAHAM
Chatham



AUDREY
CARRUTHERS
Melbourne



MARJORIE
CREWE
Wheatley



AGNES
ALLISON
London



ETNA
CHIESA
Windsor





Alice
Hardy
Sarnia



Ruth
Irwin
Merlin



Jean
Kelly
London



Marion
Hogg
Southampton



Marian
Kidd
Watford



Ruth
Jackman
Thamesville



Ruth
Holmes
Merlin



Virginia
Jamieson
Port Stanley



Noreen
Kinahan
Auburn



Lulu
Huggard
Maidstone



Isabell
Lees
Riverside



Margaret
Johnson
Aylmer



Jean
Humphries
West Lorne



Ruth
Long
Ridgetown



Anne
Johnston
Windsor



Doris
Imlay
Southwold



Betty Rose
Lucas
Hanover



Mildred
Jones
Sarnia



NORA
MacRAE
London



MARGARET
McDONALD
St. Thomas

JEAN
McMILLAN
Blenheim



MARION
MacTAVISH
Walkers

JEAN
McNEIL
Springfield



JULIA
McGEE
Lakeside



AILEEN
MATHESON
Petrolia

ISABELLE
McRAE
Sarnia



DORIS
McGREGOR
Wallaceburg



JEANNE
McARTHUR
Windsor

JEAN
McRITCHIE
Sarnia



CATHARINE
McKILLOP
Dutton



JEAN
McCOLL
West Lorne

RUTH
MISTELE
Rodney



MARIE
McLEAN
Alvinston



DONNA
McDONALD
St. Thomas



JOYCE
MOORE
Emo



LEONE
McLEOD
Ailsa Craig





BEULAH
OATMAN
Aylmer



BETTY
PETTIT
Melbourne



ANNE
SIMPSON
Leamington



EVELYN
OLDHAM
Iona Station



JEAN
SMITH
London



MARGUERITE
PRATTEN
London



GRACE
PARK
Windsor



JOAN
SMITH
London



ELEANOR
PRITCHARD
Norwich



ILA
PATON
Clandeboye



MARGARET B.
SMITH
Windsor



MARY
RAPKO
Windsor



HELEN
PEAT
Bright



MARGARET M.
SMITH
St. Thomas



RUBY
PERKIN
Ettrick



MARION
SMITH
Merlin

PAULINE
RIEL
Windsor



BETTY
SMYTH
London



EULA
STEWART
Riverside

JESSIE
WALKER
Sarnia



ELIZABETH
SPRY
St. Thomas



HELEN
WATSON
Blenheim



JEAN
STALKER
Dutton



ELEANOR
TOWNSHEND
London

MARGARET
WHITE
London



JOYCE
STAUFFER
London



QUEENIE
WILKINS
Lucknow



MARGARET
STEELS
London



EDITH
TURNER
Forest

ESTHER
YOUNG
Mull



FRANCES
STEPHENS
London



HELEN
TURNER
Parkhill

PAULINE
ZUFELT
Beachville

CATHERINE
URLIN
London

CATHERINE
URLIN
London



SISTER ST. JOHN, London



SISTER ALBERTINE, London

FIRST TERM
STUDENT
PARLIAMENT

John Ross, Wm. Manning,
Ivan Taylor (President),
Doctor Mark (Honorary
President), Grace Park.
Ruby Everitt, Agnes Alli-
son, Jessie Walker, Cath-
erine Urlin.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Anne Simpson, Lulu Huggard, Grace Park, Virginia Jamieson,
Joan Smith, Ruby Everitt, Ruth Jackman, Eleanor Townshend,
Jessie Walker, Frances Stephens.



SECOND TERM LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Margaret Cran, Joan Smith, Alex. Dubs, Doris McGregor,
John Ross, Jean Kelly. Phyllis French (President), Margaret
Johnson.

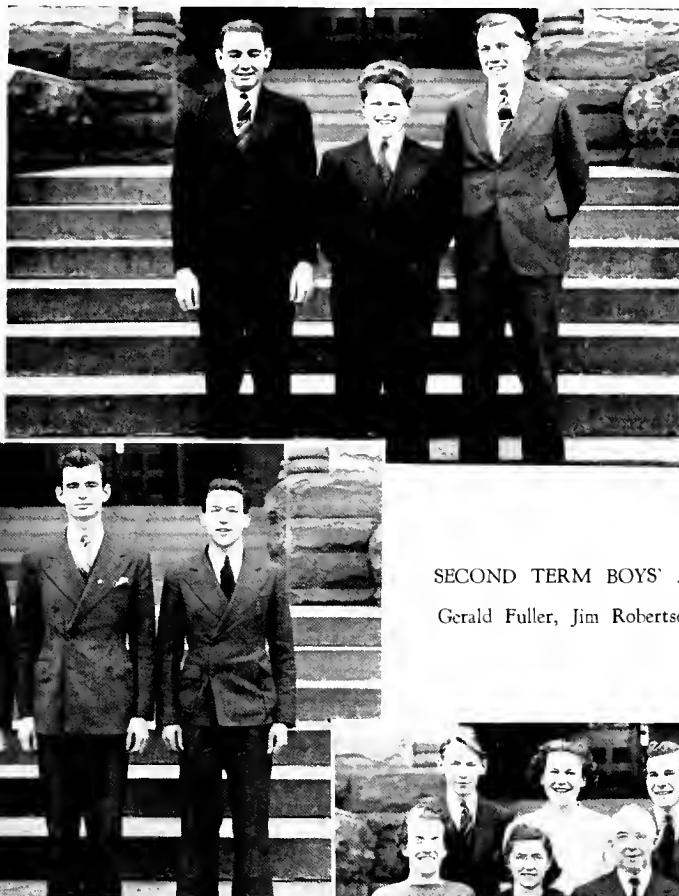


FIRST TERM
GIRLS' ATHLETIC
EXECUTIVE

Isabelle MacRae, Anne
Simpson, Audrey Car-
ruthers, Virginia Jamie-
son, Lulu Huggard, Elea-
nor Townshend (Presi-
dent), Miss Prendergast
(Honorary President), Pau-
line Riel.

FIRST TERM
BOYS' ATHLETIC
EXECUTIVE

Jack Ashworth (President), Joe Patton, Jack Gillespie.



YEAR BOOK STAFF

Ivan Taylor (Asst. Business Mgr.), Mildred Jones (Business Mgr.), Edwin Manning (Art), Thomas Coleman (Editor-in-Chief), Jean McRitchie (Photography), Agnes Allison (Humour), Mr. McEachern (Consulting Editor), Jessie Walker (Asst. Editor), Grace Park (Literary).



SECOND TERM GIRLS'
ATHLETIC
EXECUTIVE

Jeanne McArthur, Frances Stephens, Eleanor Cochrane, Phyllis Bordman, Virginia Jamieson, Ruby Everitt, Miss Prendergast (Honorary President), Ruth Jackman.

BOYS'
BASKETBALL
TEAM

Don MacRae, Jim Robertson, Jack Wether spoon, Gerald Fuller, Ivan Taylor, Edwin Manning, Joseph Patton.



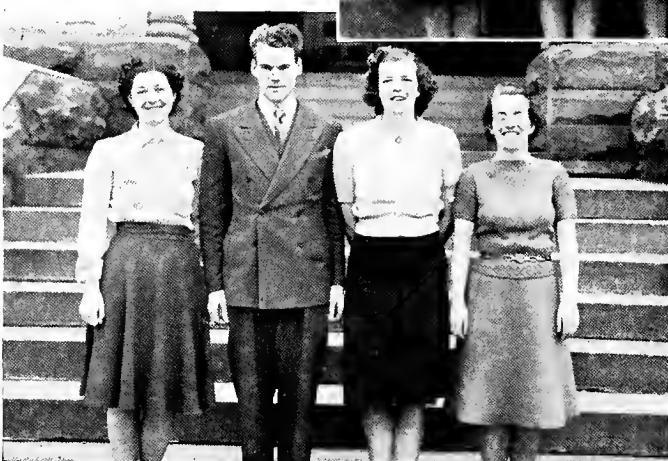
FIRST TERM LITERARY EXECUTIVE

John Neufeld, Doris Imlay, Marguerite Pratten, Eileen Matheson, Mildred Jones, Jack Logie, Edwin Manning (President), Phyllis Dobbyn.



SECOND TERM STUDENT PARLIAMENT

John Neufeld, Winfred Benedict, Jack Ashworth, Doctor Mark (Honorary President), Carolyn Gray, Doris Imlay (President), Jean Humphries, Marion Kidd.



GLEE CLUB

Etna Chiesa (President), Winfred Benedict, Marguerite Pratten, Jean McRitchie.

Student Activities





R. of E.

This corner's Phyl'd.

There are girls behind those portfolios.

He took eight copies of the same book

Solitude.



Concrete material.



Christmas spirit.



Family portrait.



Romeo, My Romeo!



Rose among thorns.



No titles necessary.



Keeping posted.



Three maps and a map.



Hey, taxi!



The bashful one's John.



Six (count 'em) angels.



Pull yourself together, Helen!



Pushin' down daisies.



Snappy footwork.



This has Bill stumpen.



Ten-shun!



3.50



Here's looking at you.



Train to Pond Mills.





L. N. S.

This is a bus.

Dinnerware tonight.

Hi, George!

Honour lesson.

Watch the birdie, folks.

Play-day.



London sky-line.

Remember the skating-party?

GaoL.

Our allowance didn't last long here.



And this didn't help to balance our budget.

This wasn't meant for publication.

Portals of knowledge.

Saturday night.

Birthplace of the '41 Spectrum.

And we actually took a taxi!

243 Wortley.

How did we get in here?



Late for assembly.

Canny candid.

Ivan coming!

Marion's dubious.

Test today.



Plain dirt farmers.

Do not pass in subway.

Mr. Young and feathered friends.

We hope the grass isn't wet!

Jack and Ted.

Sound your do, Doris.

No holds barred.

Smile boys, that's the way!



Score-keepers.

Out of focus.

After the ball is over.

Acousticon.

243 again.

Going, going, gone.



Gosh, another bus!

Your guess is as good as ours—it must've been censored.

—and this one should have been!

Monday, 4.30.

Here's squinting at you.

Scots wha' hae.

Manual Training

THE door of the manual-training room is like the lid of a giant Christmas box. It discloses surprising things within.

Who can that be over by the windows, skillfully trueing up a turning on the lathe? As our eyes become accustomed to looking through a suspension of sawdust we discern, not one of the young men, but Miss Prendergast, putting a satin-like finish upon another of her Indian Clubs.

Fascinated by the dizzy spinning of the lathe, we are slow to detect the smell of burning wood from the opposite end of the shop. Our first impulse is to shout "fire!" and run, or perhaps on second thought, to run and then, once safely outside, devote our undivided attention to shouting. Following our noses, we trace the acrid odour of smoke to a corner in which one of the young ladies, blissfully lost to all the busy world about her, calmly sits burning designs upon a handsome pair of bock-ends.

Who is that entangled in a mesh of—what is it—fence wire? No, not wire, must be—Oh, of course, it's reed! Basket-weaving. How complicated it looks. John, however, seems to experience no difficulty in doing it. Perhaps we should not watch, we seem to make him nervous.

Why are so many persons working quietly at the tables? Oh, blank books. Wouldn't some of our students make excellent bookbinders? Book-binding though, is not their only talent. Look at Phyllis—over there among the paint-cans. When she finishes that Dutch Girl she'll have an entire set of enamelled cut-outs, to be used in teaching social-studies.

Bill Manning planned a coffee-table—wonder if he'll ever get it finished. Edwin made a picture frame; it kept us all guessing for quite some time, but he finally told us what it was.

What's that? You're stuck! Oh yes, that's shellac, it is rather sticky. Poor Jean; she's shellacked that hectograph frame a dozen times, at the very least. She always comes back finding it's caught someone; so far it's always been a girl, but she keeps on hoping—.

It can't be 12.15! We've just come. Well, of course we really have been quite some time—we were so interested. We certainly must thank Mr. Hagerman for opening the manual-training room on Saturday mornings. Remember what he says about manual-training? "It is a special function of the industrial arts to furnish experiences developing certain traits of character, habits of thought, points of view and attitudes which other school subjects commonly neglect. They fit the individual through his experiences to be more useful as a producer and more appreciative, intelligent and happy as a consumer."

Ping-Pong

"WHAT, no ping-pong? Why that's my favourite game. Everyone plays ping-pong! You don't play? We could teach you in no time!" Such were the remarks circulating about the corridors of the Normal School during its first ping-pongless term. Everyone liked to play, but the Normal School possessed no table, no bats, not even a single small, inexpensive ping-pong ball.

However, such an enterprising group as the class of '41 would not quietly pass the year in wishful thinking. Two enthusiasts, Messrs. Neufeld and Patton, put their respective heads together and drew up plans for a ping-pong table. For some time they measured, sawed, hammered and assembled.

Their efforts brought results. A fine ping-pong table made its appearance. Indeed, so enthusiastically was it received that Mr. Patton and Mr. Neufeld found it almost impossible to enjoy a single game at their own table. Not only did the experts play; newcomers tried their hand. Since the day on which it made its first appearance on the third floor the ping-pong table has had never an idle moment.

JACK LOGIE.

Puppet Class

UNDER Miss Emery's capable guidance the Saturday morning puppet classes proved to be one of the most interesting projects of the year.

With clay to the right of them, paste to the left of them, paint-pots in front and nothing behind them, the valiant twenty marched bravely into the mysteries of puppetry. Lo and behold! From lumps of sticky clay emerged a golden-haired Cinderella and her handsome prince, a lovable Jack and a terrifying ogre, a green-eyed Rumpelstiltskin and a dozen other fairy-book folk.

Looking at them, one would never suspect the pathetic results of the puppeteers' first attempts. Chins and noses vied for the position of honour in the centre of the face; watery eyes ran limpidly under the bridge of many a nose as the clay became more and more wet and sticky, and as for ears!—one would slide up until it became a bump of knowledge while the other descended to the position of a second Adam's apple. However, Miss Emery skilfully gave such misshapen cranium a push here and a pull there, and each student completed a puppet which would do credit to the most experienced of puppeteers.

PHYLLIS FRENCH.

Christian Fellowship

OFFICERS:

President—TOM BORROWMAN.

Vice-President—ANNE SIMPSON.

Secretary-Treasurer—MARION MAC TAVISH.

Social Convener—CATHERINE BICKERTON.

Pianist—ALEX. DUBS.

OUR ACTIVITIES:

Each Tuesday at 1.00 p.m. the Normal School auditorium took on an air of reverence and solemnity, for within its four walls several Normal School students met for a half-hour of quiet worship. In addition to these weekly gatherings, the members met twice in the term for a few hours skating at the arena. A scavenger hunt climaxed the term's social acitivities. For all these functions we are indebted to those who so willingly addressed the meetings, to Mr. and Mrs. McLeod who so kindly opened their home, "The Acousticon," to serve as a gathering place.

To the future Normal School Fellowships we pass the torch—be yours to hold it high. We sincerely wish you all the happiness Fellowship brings.

"In God we trust."

ALEX. DUBS.

The Rhythm Band

REMEMBER the enthusiastic ovation that arose from the student audience during the Literary Society's "musical tour?" That overwhelming applause was in honour of the rhythm band.

Three short weeks before its debut the rhythm band had been only a figment of a few fertile imaginations. When an unexpected vacancy of ten empty minutes materialized in the midst of an otherwise well-filled programme, Miss Park and Mr. Dubs rose to the occasion. Under their expert guidance grew an orchestra of fifteen members. From busy days crowded with assignments, examinations and practice-teaching they snatched precious moments of band-practice. Tschaikowsky and Von Suppe might feel honoured indeed to have had their works presented by the rhythm band upon this most memorable of Literary programmes.

PHYLLIS FRENCH.

Natural Science Club

TO the citizens of London South the two words "Normal School" conjure up visions of a horde of young men and women—the former conspicuously outnumbered by the latter—swarming

over the land, denuding trees and blocking traffic. These young people represent the Normal School Natural Science Club which, under the direction of Doctor Hofferd, was formed with three ends in view: To become acquainted with plants and trees, to recognize birds and animals, and to visit industrial plants in and about the City of London.

The club's first unit of work was conducted in the Normal School garden. Stepping warily to avoid wetting their feet in the morning grass the little groups of thirty trod courageously out to explore the mysteries of flora and fauna. After varying numbers of unsuccessful attempts each vegetable and plant was properly pigeon-holed.

Duly equipped with a tree-book, a pocket-knife and a compass, the intrepid thirty next plunged into the forests of London South.

Each strange new tree in the wilds of Ridout Street and Marley Place was, after an industrious thumbing of pages, definitely identified as some one of thirty different species. After Doctor Hofferd had obligingly furnished the correct name of each specimen the Normalites strolled back to school precisely on time for one class, if not for another. Indeed, so enthused did they become in their work that the good citizens of London South must have mistaken their expressions of eager interest for the crafty look of the confirmed tree-stealer, for as the little group made its way down Ridout South on a fine autumnal afternoon, it was halted by a police car and summarily ordered back to the confines of the Normal School. There the students heard a very profitable lecture by fire-chief McDonald upon the duties of teachers in regard to fire prevention. This was followed by a demonstration in which Miss Marguerite Pratten, armed with a large extinguisher, bravely discouraged a small fire which raged upon the gravel walk at the rear of the school.

Later in the season the club members observed the stars through the school telescope. After a few clear evenings the sky became cloudy, and their activities were restrained to making observations of a neighbouring street-lamp.

Notable among the club's activities was a visit to the new Coca-Cola plant. There each step in the production of the beverage was demonstrated, from the mixing of ingredients to the bottling of the finished product. An educational moving-picture ended the tour.

A record of the club's activities was kept by all members in a series of small booklets. In this way each student completed the term with a small set of volumes forming an encyclopedeia of science and nature-study.

Thus the Natural Science Club continued its activities throughout the year, a standing example of the value of learning, to quote its leader, "By doing, and not by stuff and store."

Happy-Go-Lucky Form IV.

WE students of Form IV. have acquired a rather remarkable reputation. Members of our group have been complimented upon their sunny smiles, their clear, ringing voices and their silvery laughter. Moreover, all our teachers have agreed that we obviously realize the important part that pupil activity plays in the learning process.

Whenever some unexpected sound shatters the studious calm of the atmosphere, the remark is usually forthcoming, "Oh! that is just Form IV. changing classes."

It never fails to happen, that after we have perseveringly ascended flight after flight of stairs, and cheerfully presented ourselves, for Home Economics, we are greeted with "Form IV. you should be down in the Manual Training Department." This chilly reception does not dampen our enthusiasm. We merely retrace our steps down the aforementioned stairs. When, by this time somewhat tardy, we finally reach the proper classroom, we re-adjust our smiles, and do not even murmur when our instructor wearily observes, "Form IV., you're late again!"

No matter what our assignments be, no matter how our lessons go, no matter if we're up when we should be down, we gaily smile and make reply "We learn by doing. To-morrow is another day."

SISTER ST. JOHN.

Knitting Yarn

"NOW decrease two stitches at both ends of each needle every other row and slip the fifty-seventh stitch!"

With these encouraging words from Miss Davidson I recommence my untangling task.

Knit one, purl one,—knit one, purl one,—Simple. Oops, spoke too soon again! How did that knot get there? Where shall I put the third needle? And where's my ball of yarn? Oh horrors—the cat looks more like a walking floor-mop than a four-legged animal! Well here goes—kitty, kitty, kitty, here puss! Ah, got you! Now hold still—nice pussy—knots, knots, knots,—round this leg, over the foot-stool, round the table, under the sofa—just like following a snake's trail.—Well, all found, now to get my feet free——.

What's that I smell—coffee—and doughnuts?

Goodbye to knitting—there's always to-morrow!

ALEX. DUBS.

The Banquet

"THE Navy's Here!" That was the theme of our banquet on February 24, and what a rollicking, jolly time we had! At 6.30 laughing groups of students proceeded to the gymnasium, which was gaily "decked out" in red, white and blue, with flags, ship's anchors and ensigns placed here and there. After a sumptuous meal, prepared and served under the capable direction of Miss Davidson, the whole group entered heartily into the peppy "Navy Sing Song," led by Miss Dobbyn. Miss Imlay, acting as toastmaster, took charge of the programme which consisted of toasts by Miss Margaret M. Smith, Miss Humphries, and Mr. Wm. Manning, supplemented by a variety of dances and musical numbers. The guests from Stratford were given a hearty reception by the students. Our guest speaker, Lieut. John R. Hunter, R.C.N.V.R., gave to us a challenge, that we, as teachers, see that the boys receive their due appreciation when they return from "Over There." For the remainder of our entertainment we adjourned to the Music Room where games and dancing were enjoyed. All too soon the evening slipped by and it was with reluctance that we bade each other "Bon Voyage" and left for home.

DORIS IMLAY.

Spring Fever

"I WANDERED lonely as a cloud that floats"—like Ivory soap in water—"host of daffodils."—There are hosts of pussy willows at the Coves. A cove is a form of harbour, I think—"Plymouth Harbour"—Strange that he should speak of harbours just then, isn't it?—"So much history is woven"—and I still haven't finished Mr. Hagerman's basket-weaving—"History"—I must find time to play with those puppets of Queen Anne and—who was it? Sir Walter Raleigh?—I'll probably tangle the cords—that cord on the window-blind! It always catches in that gray toboggan-shaped radiator shield—it's much wider than a toboggan, though. Perhaps three could ride at once——.

"Immortal Shakespeare"—do you suppose that bust on the wall could be of Shakespeare? Or Venus? You really can't tell.——

"Method of Presentation, Miss Park?"

"Well, Sir, you really can't tell——."

"Correct, Miss Park, you can't tell and therefore you would develop it by——?"

"Questioning, Sir."

Isn't Spring wonderful!

GRACE PARK.



Literary

EDITORIAL

INSPIRATION shall flow from the unprogressive teacher not a whit more quickly than blood from the proverbial turnip. Very life-blood of teaching though it be, its well-springs soon run dry in a teacher who, like the vegetable, has remained since graduation day in the dark dankness of an educational cellar.

To us, June, 1941, means graduation. By mid-summer we shall be qualified teachers. What then? Is our education finished? Possibly, if we are content to remain indefinitely in the cellar, making no further progress, developing no more character than the aforementioned turnip; but if we are to be teachers in the true meaning of the title—a title of which we may well be proud—then our education has scarcely begun.

The teacher's task is the most important in the social system—the making of men and women, to-morrow's citizens. This duty we can not fully carry out until we have ourselves become men and women of character. Before we can give the children the benefits of the cultural background which the Canadians of to-morrow must have, we must procure that background for ourselves. In that, due to our years, if not to lack of opportunity or inclination, most of us find ourselves woefully deficient.

How shall we obtain this background? By taking advantage of every hour, every opportunity, to improve ourselves. We must acquire at least the fundamentals of the arts, not only of music and painting, but of writing, printing, architecture and all the other skills which we fail to observe simply because they so constantly surround us. We must learn enough of their processes to appreciate the work which lies behind them; we must become familiar enough with them to recognize and appreciate their beauty wherever it occurs—in the cities laid out around us, in the buildings in which we live and work, in the books we read, in every sound we hear. Finally we must perceive the binding tie between Nature and Man and all the Arts, the common key of beauty. When we have found this we shall know the joy of living, and this we shall transmit to our children, not by specific words or lessons, but through the very atmosphere which we create.

The more we learn, the more pathetic our small amount of knowledge appears. We must continue learning; the moment we pause *rigor mortis* begins. As long as we ourselves continue to follow knowledge "even as little children," we shall know the difficulties of the strange and unfamiliar, and through solving our own difficulties we shall acquire an instinct in solving those of the children.

As long as we continue to grow, so long shall we increase our capacity to serve, and in the end we may find ourselves worthy to say with the Teacher whose words have echoed down two thousand years:

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Castles in the Air

ONCE I lay on the cool green grass, watching with wistful eyes the last faint curl of smoke as a ship left the harbour. Soon the world about me was completely blotted out; I was breathing the gay, carefree atmosphere of an ocean liner, drinking in the blueness of sunny Italian skies, and delighting in the mystic strangeness of the land of Arabian Nights.

What a joy it is to transport ourselves in mind and spirit into any place or time we may desire! How exultant must the Creator have been when He took from the glass this divine blessing to bestow upon man. Thousands of people would find the moulding hand of Life too cruel and relentless, were it not for this saving gift of Fancy which enables them to exclude from the pattern of life all the drab and ugly things that sometimes make it unbearable. Coleridge found life in a misfit world intolerable when he was not living in his own world of strange and beautiful fancies.

The power to dream dreams, more than a source of pleasure, has been the motive force behind all the great things men have done. The boy Columbus, standing in the harbour at Genoa, dreamed a dream, and lo, the great American continent spread out before him! Michelangelo's immortal vision of the creation, depicted in master-strokes upon the wet plaster of a chapel ceiling in Rome, has thrilled succeeding generations as they knelt, eyes heavenward. The picture brought before her eyes by a report on conditions of child labour in mines and factories was immortalized by Mrs. Browning in her piercing "Cry of the Children." Down through the ages man's noblest accomplishments have found origin in his dreams. The whole of to-day is a part of yesterday's fancy, to-morrow is the imagination of to-day.

The progress of the human race would come to a complete standstill if man were suddenly deprived of this power to build "castles in the air." The man who has not the power to dream is lacking in imagination of any kind, and without imagination what are we "better than sheep or goats, that nourish a blind life within the brain?" Because we have never dreamed of anything better we remain, "even as sheep," content with the utter monotony of our daily routine, our cumbersome daily duties. Because we have never dreamed of anything better, we are seldom capable of anything better. We lack the originality or fire that makes for character; we are incapable of the inspiration that develops the arts; our lives cannot even be enriched by the fruits of another's fancy, if we in ourselves lack the power of appreciating it. Unhappy indeed is the man to whom the building of "castles in the air" has been denied.

PATRICIA DeLAURIER.

In the Midst of the Maddening Crowd

IN the midst of the ever-swelling crowd, I continue my unsuccessful attempt to snake my way to the fore. Ah! An opening looms ahead and I gain a few inches. My, that certainly WAS a close shave. Only another fraction of a millimetre, well a centimetre anyway and I They must be closing in from the outside now. What pressure! Enough to cramp the proverbial sardine! Ouch! Still wincing and playing "Small as Possible," another adroit squirm leaves me weaving, a few precious inches nearer my goal. As it nears, I pull myself together, strain my nerves. All ready, taut to the snapping point, and forward heave! Success at least. It is now possible to see that there are no new notices on the bulletin board. MARION BICE.

The Story of Sarnia

THE first immigration inspection in Canadian history took place upon a small island in the St. Clair River opposite the present location of Sarnia. Indians were not allowed to cross the river until given permission to do so by means of smoke-signals from the opposite bank.

There have been many methods of crossing the river since the days of the Indians. The first public ferry, a sailboat subject to the whims of wind and current was replaced by a ferry which swung by cable from an anchored buoy. Since the ferry was thus prevented from drifting downstream it was propelled across the river by the force of the current.

Soon a new type of ferry began to operate down the river where the current was not so strong. This was propelled with a paddlewheel turned by a mule on a treadmill.

In turn came the four-mule-power and the four-horse-power ferries, to be replaced by the steamboat. The steamboats, used as ferries at Sarnia while sailboats were still common on the lakes, were improved and changed with the years until the opening of the Bluewater Bridge in 1938.

The two arms of steel jutting out from both sides of the river were a spectacular sight as they slowly grew together to form the eight hundred and seventy-one foot cantilever arch of this impressive new bridge.

The St. Clair tunnel, opened in 1891, was built by Joseph Hobson, an engineer born near Guelph, Ontario. This tunnel was the first of its kind in the world, built as it was under water. It was built through the clay beneath the river. The men worked behind a heavy shield which was pushed forward under great pressure as the earth in front of it was removed through doors in the shield.

There is yet another link between Canada and the United States at this point. It is not so well known as the others but is vitally important. Sarnia is a station on a very large and important transportation system which is one of the most extensive in the United States. It runs through many states from the Mexico to the Canadian border, and to many cities, among which Sarnia is not the least important. It has trunk lines, branch lines, stations, switches and storage space, yet the stranger would drive past the spot where this line enters Canada without recognizing it. He would see only the back of what appears to be a bill-board. However, if he were on the river he would see this sign, "PIPELINE, DO NOT ANCHOR."

This system is the pipeline network through which the Imperial Oil Refinery receives much of its crude oil. A carload of crude oil can be put in the line in California, pass through many states, along trunk lines and branches, be stored for some time and then be delivered in Sarnia. What is more, it can be proved the same oil that entered the line in California.

Sarnia is closely linked with her neighbour across the border and these bonds of common interest, repeated countless times along the border, make for that international friendship which permits our long unfortified boundary with the United States.

JEAN McRITCHIE.

The Baldoon Mystery

BALDOON, a settlement founded in 1804 by Lord Selkirk on the banks of the Chenal Ecarte in the County of Kent, Upper Canada, was named after a village in the Highlands of Scotland. In 1803 Selkirk acquired about nine hundred and fifty acres here and in May, 1804, he sent out a party of over one hundred Highland emigrants from Scotland to settle this land and develop it. The party reached the "Baldoon Farm" early in September, 1804, and for a time suffered severely from malarial fevers. It has been said that forty-two of the original settlers died in the first year. The survivors, however, adjusted themselves to the local conditions and prospered.

The Baldoon settlement is now a populous district of wealthy farmers and fruit growers who till the rich land that is known as the garden of Ontario. They have built their farm homes along the banks of the Chenal Ecarte, locally known as the Snye River, with a most pleasing view of Walpole Island's wild and beautiful virgin woods across the channel. The Blue Water Highway, designated No. 40, connects the district of the Baldoon with every part of Michigan and Southern Ontario. Through the Snye River steamers pass to Wallaceburg, a thriving industrial town and port of call.

John T. McDonald, son of a Selkirk settler, bought a piece of land which had been desired by a neighbour. Soon the poles of the barn fell in, nearly killing his daughters as they husked corn. Musket balls pierced all the windows and passed silently through the wooden panels which replaced the glass. Fires started mysteriously about the farm, in locked rooms and closets. The family finally moved away but, persecution following them, they soon returned.

One incident had pointed towards the old woman who lived in a log house nearby. She had asked the McDonalds to make her a rug and as long as they worked for her they rested in peace. A travelling Methodist minister told John McDonald of a doctor in Walsingham Township, Norfolk County, who had a daughter possessing second sight. She lived about one hundred miles away across almost impenetrable country but the two men set out on horseback to consult her. The remedy was traditional.

"Cast a silver bullet and look for a strange goose with a black head and black wing markings that consorts with your flock. Shoot this goose with the silver bullet and the person responsible for your troubles will show the same injury."

When McDonald had returned home and the silver bullet had found its mark in the wing of the goose he went in search of the woman of the log house. Her arm was broken and she died shortly afterwards. This marked the end of the McDonald's persecution. The full story has been published in pamphlet form by Neil T. McDonald and in the appendix are the depositions of some twenty-five eyewitnesses, whose stories are sufficiently similar to vouch for their authenticity. A hundred years passed and a second house built by the McDonalds burned down on the eve of the centennial of the Baldoon mystery. All that now remains is a neglected cemetery, about one hundred yards from the site of the house, in which are many white gravestones erected above the original Baldoon settlers. Other than this there is only a tradition, almost legendary, which has been incorporated in the history of Kent County, and is carried on as the blue waters of the Chenal Ecarte flow on in their deep, treacherous channel, carrying with them the mysteries of the Baldoon.

WINFRED G. BENEDICT.

Musical Moments

EDUCATIONISTS have finally come to realize the truth of the words—"Principals, trustees and ratepayers have been given proof that music is not just a frill but an important factor in the individual and social growth of the youth who plays, sings, or intelligently listens." Fortunate is the school with a talented teacher who can develop in her pupils a love of music that will last throughout life.

The musical activities of the London Normal School in 1940-41 exemplify music as it should occur in every public school. The Friday afternoon Literary programmes often featured vocal and instrumental solos, duets, trios and that "builder-up of run-down spirits," community singing. The operetta "The Ghost of Lollypop Bay" directed by our music master, Mr. Wheeler, ably assisted by Miss Gahan and Miss Davidson, was the musical highlight of the year. Careful organization and intensive rehearsal were required before it could finally be presented. The story, the acting and the joyous music could not fail to stir the large audience who promptly declared the operetta most entertaining.

The choral singing on Tuesday mornings, directed by Miss Moore, commenced the day with a shower of sunshine. A "Musical Tour" presented by Miss Moore featured the debut of the rhythm band. We are deeply indebted to all those who in any way took part in musical activities throughout the year.

We cannot fail to notice that in these fast-moving days it is of prime importance to keep Canada singing. While Canada fights to save democracy, let us teach her children to smile, to understand,—to sing.

ETNA CHIESA.

In Memoriam

I stood before the class alone; time had ceased to be.
A sea of faces swam before my eyes,
My voice was gone—my hands were cold,
Could that knocking be my heart?
"I must begin—I have to start
Oh! surely the class will do its part."
I cleared my throat, and in a voice quite foreign to my ears
I squeaked—"How many little boys and girls?"
What have I said! The manual simply frowned on that.
I'll try again—"Does anyone in the class?—Will someone tell me?"
Frantically I wrung my hands; the chalk broke in my grasp.
In cold despair I sank into the teacher's chair
And gasped—"Class, take your books and read."
My hopes lay shattered: Defeat was mine.
Ah! ye who read, pass not by in scorn
The "Student Teacher"—sad, forsaken and forlorn.

SISTER ST. JOHN.

London Normal School

(Alumni March—Wellesley)

London Normal School!
We fight for good old crimson-gold
And when we meet our foes we vanquish
them
For we fight with all the stratagem
Of London Normal, Rah! Rah! Hear us
cheer!
We're with you and we say
That we'll fight for you, we'll see you through
We'll fight for you alway!

AL. BUCHANAN—RY. WING.
Dedicated to the Class of '32.

Moonlit Night

A silver disc rose in the sky.
Full-faced and gleamingly it shone
On trees and flowers slumb'ring by
And grasses on the dew-dropped lawn,
The woodland wonders of the night
Beheld by it, and dappled lane,
'Tween whisp'ring trees and moonbeams'
flight,
A host of twinkles in their train.
The rusty fence like silver gleamed
As on it full the brightness fell.
The dancing beamlets gaily seemed
With magic fill a fairy dell.
The moon looked down, and from her place
By chance, from youth for maiden pale,
Beheld a kiss. Across her face
She drew with haste a cloudlet veil.

HELEN TURNER.

Conquered Nation

O Youth! O Life! O Land!
Crushed by the awful hand
Of Tyranny's bondsman, Might;
Will you no more behold the rainbow band?
Or clasp unto yourselves the blessed light?
Comes the depairing cry:
"Tis darkness, ever!"

I glimpsed a flickering flame;
Eager hands stretched forth to claim
Before it, too, waxed cold.
In vain! No human heart can blame
The scalding tears that flow o'er earth's new
mould;
As yawning graves cry out:
"Tis darkness, ever!"

PATRICIA DeLAURIER.

Duty

We stand upon a threshold where the door
Leads into worlds to us as yet unknown;
This way have many others trod before
Until they have worn smooth our stepping
stone.

Great men have cleared the pathway of each
snare
And smoothed the broken road beneath our
feet
That we may not be taken unaware
By every petty problem that we meet.

But we have still a duty to perform,
Our labour has as yet but scarce begun;
We must bear high the torch through all life's
storm
And never let a task be left undone.

EARL BURR.

Natural Wealth

A tree!
'Tis standing straight and tall,
A faithful sentinel for all
To see.

A flow'r!
Its fragrant buds unfold
A constant wonder to behold
Each hour.

A blade!
A dew-dropped, jewelled spire
Of grass, in sparkling, gay attire
Of jade.

These things,
These beauties bright, are better far
Than wealth or might
Of kings.

HELEN TURNER.

Miss Davidson: "Name the uses of
Vyella Flannel—Miss McRitchie."

Jean: "Sports' Clothes, Dresses, Blous-
es, Baby Clothes, Jackets."

Anne Johnston (to Mildred): "What's
she think she is—an elevator boy?"

Mr. Young (remarking on the effective-
ness of morning speeches): "People are like
plants. We learn to know them by seeing
them against the background of their environ-
ment."

Autographs

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Reverie

My tea is almost ready and the evening sun has set,
It's time to sit and dream now of the dear old friends
I've met;
For every day when class is o'er, my thoughts will fondly stray
To lands far distant with our boys, in battle's stern array.

Now years have passed and time has brought its changes not a few.
In troubled times behind the lines we pause with hearts so true;
For not till then and only then, we feel our country's urge
To stand beside in new born pride, the enemy to purge.

For if we should be lucky and our boys come back to shore
'Twill be with ever swelling pride we'll greet them o'er and o'er;
And life indeed will start anew in energies that must
Bring joy anew to faithful hearts wherein God placed a trust.

FRANCES CARRON.



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World Awry

The world has lost itself in strife
In treachery and war,
With nations striving to wax strong
By trampling weak ones o'er.
Small countries live in fear of death
Waiting what may betide;
By vain precautions do they hope
To stem the o'erwhelming tide
For truth and justice, sore-betrayed,
Lie beaten in the dust
While selfish men engulf the world
In jealousy and lust.
Truth shall not live, nor joy abound,
Till Christ as King on earth is crowned.

JOE PATTON.

A GOOD JOKE

When no one blushes with embarrassment.
When no one's feelings are hurt,
When nothing sacred is made to appear commonplace,
When nothing is directed against someone's infirmity,
When nothing is uttered in a bitter spirit,
When no one cannot join in the laughter.

AGNES ALLISON.

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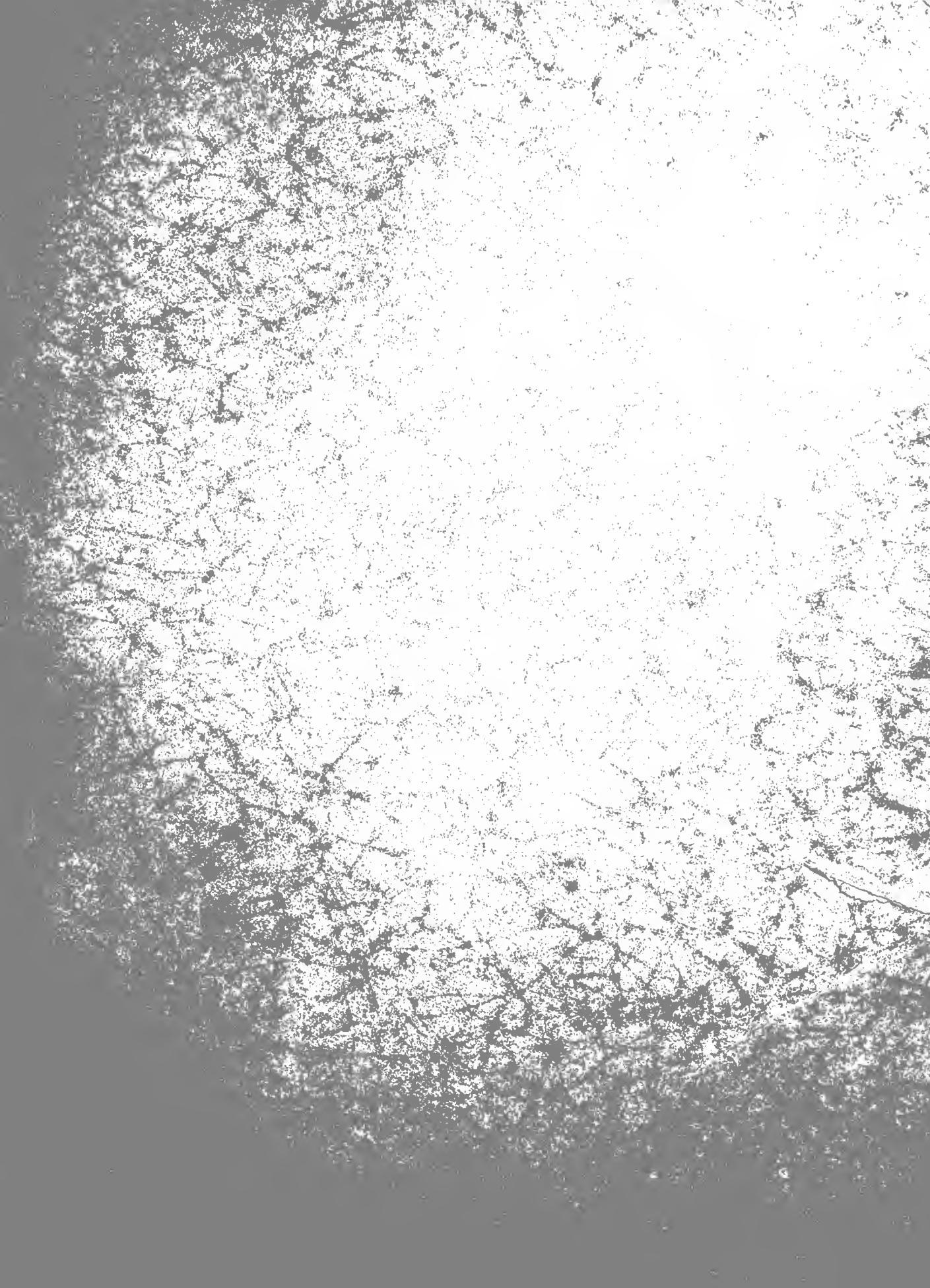
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